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modulations which raise the soul on wings, is deficient in the genius of Haydn,—or he so seldom reaches it, that when he does it is an accident. He had little of melancholy in his nature; and he seldom attains to grandeur. His melodies, however, possess sweetness, elegance, and tenderness; his accompaniments abound in resources of fancy; and the clearness and effect of his part-writing is not to be excelled. As a fugue writer he was Mozart's equal. These composers of kindred soul on many points, appear to differ in the Mass thus—Mozart has the superiority in grandeur and in poetic sentiment, but his great movements are found at intervals; Haydn maintains excellence at a more uniform rate, and displays throughout a more careful finishing. The fault of his lively movements is occasionally to be too secular, with a tincture of vulgarity in the melodies.

The gaiety and secularity of the Mass-music produced in Germany towards the close of the last century, will cease to astonish us when we remember that the Catholic service admitted instrumental symphonies, and that many of Haydn's early works of this kind were produced for the festivals of his church. Mozart composed orchestral sonatas for the same purpose; and even the Protestant service of this period required a voluntary after the second lesson, which was usually very florid. An apology has been made by a countryman of Haydn for the excess of florid accompaniment in the Masses.

"A German requires a stronger physical effort, more bustle, and more noise to move him than any other creature upon earth. We drink too much beer; you must fairly flay us if you wish to tickle us."

These Masses were evidently composed to render attendance at church agreeable; and the latitude allowed to expression admitted almost any style of music which would please. Where pleasure is arbiter, the art is sure to flourish. The modern Mass, which supplanted the ancient Italian church music *à la Palestrina*, helped on the effects of the symphony and the drama, just as with us in England, at the Restoration, efforts to please the king produced the solo anthem, and so extended recitative and the powers of poetical expression. Timely changes maintain the vitality and assist the progress of music. We are always safe in them when they are directed by men of genius, faithful to their calling, who prefer some risk of blame for innovation, to preserving formulas, and walking securely in the ways of their forefathers.

Haydn's life may be divided into three epochs—his youth—his period of service with Esterhazy—and the time passed at Vienna on his return from England to his death, when it is known he was chiefly occupied with the *Creation* and the *Seasons*. Of his works during all this period,

tried by the highest standard of music, it may be said that he was less than Mozart in great things—but as great in small things. The airs and trios of the *Creation* surpass the choruses, and the quartets of Haydn make a deeper impression than the symphonies. This great composer and amiable man died at the village of Gumpendorf, in 1809, in his 77th year, while the French were bombarding Vienna.

(To be continued.)

MUSIC AMONG THE POETS AND POETICAL WRITERS.

By MARY COWDEN CLARKE.

(Continued from page 75.)

The lark vies with the nightingale, in the number and enthusiasm of her poetic chroniclers.

"The busy lark, the messenger of day,
Saluteth in her song the morrow grey."—*Chaucer*.

"The lark, the herald of the morn."—*Shakespeare*.

"The lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads."
Shakespeare.

"The lark makes sweet division."—*Shakespeare*.

"Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings."
Shakespeare.

"Ne'er could Fancy bend the buoyant lark
To melancholy service—hark! O hark!

The daisy sleeps upon the dewy lawn,
Not lifting yet the head that evening bowed;
But *He* is risen, a later star of dawn,
Glittering and twinkling near yon rosy cloud;
Bright gem instinct with music, vocal spark;
The happiest bird that sprang out of the Ark!

Hail, blessed above all kinds!—Supremely skill'd
Restless with fixed to balance, high with low.
Thou leav'st the halcyon free her hopes to build
On such forbearance as the deep may show;
Perpetual flight, unchecked by earthly ties,
Leav'st to the wandering bird of paradise.

Faithful, though swift as lightning, the meek dove;
Yet more hath Nature reconciled in thee;
So constant with thy downward eye of love,
Yet, in aerial singleness, so free;
So humble, yet so ready to rejoice
In power of wing and never-wearied voice.

How would it please old Ocean to partake,
With sailors longing for a breeze in vain,
The harmony thy notes most gladly make
Where earth resembles most his own domain!
Urania's self might welcome with pleas'd ear
These matins mounting towards her native sphere.

Chanter by heaven attracted, whom no bars
To day-light known deter from that pursuit;
'Tis well that some sage instinct, when the stars
Come forth at evening, keeps Thee still and mute;
For not an eyelid could to sleep incline,
Wert thou among them, singing as they shine!"
Wordsworth.

"Now the herald lark
Left his ground-nest, high towering to descry
The morn's approach, and greet her with his song."
Milton.

"To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine."—*Milton.*

"When first the lark high soaring swells his throat
Mocks the tired eye, and scatters the loud note."
Coleridge.

"the singing-lark that sings unseen;
The minstrelsy that solitude loves best."—*Coleridge.*

"Oft with patient ear
Long-listening to the viewless sky-lark's note;
(Viewless, or haply for a moment seen
Gleaming on sunny wings), in whispered tones
I've said to my beloved, "Such, sweet girl!
The inobtrusive song of happiness,
Unearthly minstrelsy! then only heard
When the soul seeks to hear; when all is hushed,
And the heart listens."—*Coleridge.*

"Up springs the lark,
Shrill-voic'd and loud, the messenger of morn;
Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings
Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts
Calls up the tuneful nations."—*Thomson.*

"Phœbus already quaffs his morning dew,
Each does his daily lease of life renew.
He darts his beams on the lark's mossy house,
And from his quiet tenement does rouse
The little charming and harmonious fowl,
Which sings its lump of body to a soul:
Swiftly it clammers up in the steep air
With warbling throat, and makes each note a stair."
Shadwell.

"The sprightly lark's shrill matin wakes the morn."
Young.

"Now rings the woodland loud and long,
The distance takes a lovelier hue,
And drown'd in yonder living blue,
The lark becomes a sightless song."—*Tennyson.*

"Mark the morn, when first she springs
Upwards on her golden wings;
Hark, to the soaring, soaring lark!
And the echoing forests,—hark!

What say they?—Love and Mirth!
In the air, and in the earth:
Very, very soft and merry
Is the natural song of Earth."
Barry Cornwall.

Jeremy Taylor says of the lark:—

"Then it made a prosperous flight, and did rise and sing
as if it had learned music and motion of an angel, as he
passed sometimes through the air about his ministries here
below."

In one of his epistles (to William Hazlitt), Leigh
Hunt has a playful passage on the bird:—

"Imagine, for instance, a lark at the casement
Stand glancing his head about, deep in amazement;
Then turning it up to the cloud-silvered skies,
Strikes off to the fields with the air in his eyes,
And heaving and heaving,—thrill'd quivering, and even,
Goes mounting his steps of wild music to heaven."
Leigh Hunt.

The poet has a graver-toned one on the same subject,
used in beautiful illustration of a loyal-hearted senti-
ment:—

"The lark dwells lowly, on the ground,
And yet his song within the heavens is found;
The basest heel may wound him ere he rise,
But soar he must, for love exalts his eyes.
Though poor, his heart must loftily be spent,
And he sings free, crown'd with the firmament."
Leigh Hunt.

OBJECTS OF MUSICAL EDUCATION AND THEIR TIME.

BY DR. MARX.*

(Continued from page 75.)

We have already said that the pianoforte possesses an extremely voluminous literature, partly written expressly for it, and partly adaptations from other works foreign to it. What can be more natural or more enlightening than to make these works the chief means of instruction, their complete possession being one of the objects of pursuit. For this end, technical readiness, finger exercises, and studies are required. But these are manifestly only means to an end: and as certainly as their use ought not to be delayed, so certainly also they ought to be set aside when the required dexterity has been gained, and the principal difficulties overcome: or else, from a want of methodical arrangement, exercises may be prolonged without end. We cannot conceal from ourselves that in these latter times this error has been stretched to excess, and has overwhelmed us with countless studies, &c. Every respectable teacher, every distinguished amateur, considers himself bound to present the world with some dozens of studies, from which a few particular artistic forms of fingering are to be acquired. And since the composition of a well-sounding study exacts nothing but the occurrence of an idea to be worked in the ordinary routine of composition; since, moreover, a little burst of enthusiasm is highly thought of in these matters; and further, since the brilliant playing of the author, or the reputation of his master, renders him tolerably sure of his public, we can never tell when this composition and spread of studies will come to an end; neither, indeed, can we imagine how the pupil shall find time to labour through the most respectable of them only; to say nothing of the real works of art themselves, for whose sake alone the whole drudgery has been endured.

Let the non-musical inquirer consider the foregoing as a token of good and bad instruction in the question before us

Sebastian Bach and Handel, Joseph Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven—these are the artists to whom we owe the greatest and most numerous works of art for the pianoforte. Among these, Bach and Beethoven stand forward, the one in elder, the other in our own times, as those who have reached the highest eminence. After them, Emanuel Bach, Clementi, Dussek, Karl Maria von Weber, Hummel, and many more, may be named. We abstain from giving a more numerous list, particularly

* *Dr. Marx's General Musical Instruction.* Published in Novello's Library for the Diffusion of Musical Knowledge. Cloth, price 6s. 6d.